

# P A I N T I N G,

A

P O E M,

IN FOUR CANTOS.

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES.

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THE SECOND EDITION.

WITH CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONAL NOTES.

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L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR T. DANGERFIELD, NO. 26, BERKELEY SQUARE.

M.DCC.XCIV.

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## P R E F A C E.

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THE following lines, which are now offered to the Public, were suggested by the perusal of Mr. Hayley's beautiful Essay on History; nor had I then seen his Essay on Painting, which has since fallen into my hands, and that so elegantly, so scientifically touched, as to make me diffident of entering the lists after him. *very bad English*

Though some of the early anecdotes of the Art would naturally arise to a thousand people handling the same subject, as deriving from the scanty source to which industry must apply for information; yet I believe I shall no more be accused of plagiarism than the historian who records the same triumphs, and the same intrigues, as did his predecessor. Neither is it the province of historical *still more*

rical Poetry to vary facts, but thought and language ; adjusting, by the inspiration of the moment, the deeds of past ages to the "mind's eye," and bringing to immediate view the successive labours of patient industry. The field of Genius, though beaten, lies open to all, "Anch'io son Pittore;" and I flatter myself that the indulgence of the Public will accept a trifling attempt to investigate the merits of one of the favourite objects of pursuit of an enlightened age. So much has been already produced on this subject, by the researches of Genius and Learning, that it would be presumption to attempt any novelty but in the arrangement of the materials, which have been so successfully prepared by the enthusiasm of Felibien, the elegance of Walpole, and the lively observation of Cumberland; to which we must subjoin the hints drawn from the learned leisure of Gillies, and the accurate science of Priestley. To these chiefly am I indebted for the materials of a structure, the foundation of which has amused my hours of retirement, and which may perhaps afford to the Public, as it has to a few friends, the entertainment of a cursory review of one of the amusements of the fashionable world. Unwilling to claim patronage by  
any

## P R E F A C E.

v

any particular dedication, I trust to the acceptance of those who may want leisure or inclination for a deeper investigation, while perhaps the enthusiasts in the Art will not undervalue an attempt at diffusing the admiration of its excellence, which may awaken the torpor of latent Genius, and animate Indolence to Perfection.

Of the present inestimable professors of the Art, I have spoken only in general terms, not venturing at any discrimination unapproved by the unerring voice of Time: some tribute is however certainly due to the munificent spirit that conducts, and the genius that decorates, the Shakespeare Gallery. Of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Cipriani, I have been silent, only because they have been snatched from a life they adorned, since the writing of this Poem, and who will ever stand im-<sup>more</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>English</sup> mortalized in the constellation of British Genius, by their own works, and the recording pen of a Hayley.

CANTO





A R G U M E N T

---

C A N T O I.

---

## ARGUMENT.

*Introduction—Strictures on the birth of Painting—Corinthia and the Shadow—Gradual improvements of the ancients—Painting, how esteemed in Greece—Alexander, Apelles, and Campaspe—The Art grateful to people of all descriptions—Extraordinary influence on a Queen of Cyprus—Purport of the Art—Ancient Artists—Desolation of the Peloponnesus—Taking of Corinth—Painting first carried thence to Rome—Patronized by Augustus—Consecrated in temples—Destroyed by the mistaken zeal of Christianity—Some relicks preserved amid the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeia.*



## C A N T O I.

---

ARTS and the Muse I sing, whose kindling ray  
Bids glowing Genius rise, and meet the day ;  
Whose magic touch dispels the veil of night,  
And summons Fancy to the test of fight ;  
Speaks to the eye, arrests the flying thought  
Full plum'd with vigour, and with knowledge fraught ;  
All space annihilates, and bids appear  
Heroes and Patriots ever as they were !——  
On Grecian \* fanes bids Roman incense rise,  
To gild with gleams of light Barbarian skies !  
To northern realms the lambent flashes glow,  
And heaving mountains drop their crumbling snow,  
Whose hoary sides fantastic time had pil'd  
With rugged columns, and with altars wild :  
The yielding frost-work melts in drops away,  
And Gothic visions in the mass decay.

Hail, Painting, hail ! whose imitative art  
Transmits thro' speaking eyes the glowing heart :

B

Oh !

## PAINTING : A POEM.

Oh ! say, from whence thy cloud-capt lineage burst ?  
 What country claims thee, or what nation nurst,  
 Deign to declare—and with thy pencil trace,  
 Deep in my soul, the honors of thy race :  
 Whether from Seth <sup>b</sup>, while yet the world was young,  
 Emblem of Heav'n, thy infant Genius sprung ?  
 Or from proud Babylon <sup>c</sup>, whose gardens boast  
 Thy pencil's maiden touch ? or from the coast  
 Of hoary Nile <sup>d</sup>, were first thy flow'rets cull'd ?  
 Thyself in hieroglyphic cradle lull'd ?  
 Or is to Greece thy filial homage paid ?  
 Thyself the offspring of the Sicyon maid ;  
 Of fair Corinthia, doom'd by Fate to prove  
 The bitter pangs of separating love.  
 At eve the lovers stole a last adieu,  
 And midnight pass'd, yet still the theme was new ;  
 One glimmering lamp alone its light supplies,  
 Gilds their sad tears, and wavers with their sighs.  
 At length with love, and care, and sleep oppress'd,  
 The youth reclines on fair Corinthia's breast ;  
 The watchful maid the kindly lamp befriends,  
 And on the wall the sleeping shade suspends.  
 Love lent a feather from his bow, to trace  
 The graceful outline of the much-lov'd face.  
 From hence the Greeks their boasted honor prove,  
 And graft their glory on a maiden's love !  
 Soon was the art with ductile Genius fraught,  
 To mimic life by Cleophantes taught ;  
 The blush he kindled, bid the eye-ball glow—  
 At Cimon's touch the folding drap'ries flow—



From



# PAINTING : A POEM.

3

From age to age thus emulation ran,  
And each improv'd on what the last began ;  
Till youthful Ammon seiz'd Bellona's car,  
Patron of Arts, and Minister of War,  
Elate with Persian trophies crown'd, decreed  
The lasting gem', recorder of each deed ;  
Whose polish'd strength the tooth of Time defies,  
And flashes brilliant truths on sceptic eyes.  
Then heav'n-taught Zeuxis', and Parrhasius came,  
The peaceful candidates for deathless Fame,  
That clusters full th' empurpled grape, and there  
Flock round the feather'd choristers of air.  
*This* bids the mantling curtain fall, replete,  
And man, deceiv'd, avows the wondrous cheat.  
Thine was the task, oh ! Zeuxis, to bestow  
Immortal charms on beauteous Helen's brow,  
When, proud to lend a feature to the dame,  
At thy command all Grecia's damsels came.  
Then flourish'd Arts, and all the youth of Greece  
Mingled with arms each elegance of peace ;  
But Painting ! fairest of the Muse's train,  
No vulgar hand was suffered to prophane ;  
Reserv'd for those alone whose gen'rous fires  
Trac'd a long ancestry of noble fires ;  
For wealth, for fame, each Artist stood renown'd,  
Carefs'd by Princes, and by Poet's crown'd.  
Thus Philip's Son, by Heav'n ordain'd to prove  
Alike victorious or in war or love,  
One beauteous Captive, from a vanquish'd race,  
Fondly selected to his warm embrace ;



He to Apelles led the half-rob'd maid,  
 To snatch a Grace that Time should never fade;  
 With downcast eyes awhile Campaspe stood,  
 Her mantling cheek deep flush'd with crimson blood;  
 Apelles gaz'd—his hand forgot to move,  
 His tremor to the Prince betray'd his love,  
 Who pitied what he durst not stay to chide,  
 And to the Painter's arms resign'd the bride.

Blest Art! whose culture every People owns,  
 Nature thy altar, and thy Priests her Sons;  
 Secure in thee, Protogenes<sup>a</sup> could wield  
 His pencil dauntless 'mid the Rhodian field;  
 Who, as in early Spring the op'ning flow'r  
 Unfolds her beauties to the driving show'r,  
 His work pursu'd amid the gloomy shade  
 By jostling spears and and flying arrows made.  
 Say, then, what charms thy magic shield display'd,  
 Oh, Goddess! to award the hostile blade;  
 To check in full career the woes of Greece,  
 And dazzle discord into slumb'ring peace?  
 Sure Art divine was thine! what else could speed  
 Neacles'<sup>b</sup> pencil to the neighing steed?  
 The sparkling foam beneath the nostrils spread,  
 And bind the laurel round the Artist's head?  
 Nor yet to these alone thy joys confin'd;  
 Alike they soothe the souls of all mankind;  
 Inspire the Hero with the battle's rage,  
 With ancient reliques gratify the Sage;  
 With pious rites the raptur'd Saint inflame,  
 Feed the fond Lover with the shadowy Dame;

The

The Matron's fancy fill with softening grace,  
And thence diffuse it o'er her growing race.  
Once was a time, when rul'd a Cyprian Lord,  
In all but beauty blest'd, as Bards record;  
To mend his Lines he woo'd a youthful spouse,  
And Jove. invok'd, to bless his nuptial vows;  
Yet e'er Lucinia's mystic rites were paid,  
Each lovely form, that Sculpture e'er had made,  
Each lovely form, the Pencil e'er design'd,  
From Greece he sought, to harmonize her mind;  
These plac'd around the teeming Matron taught  
Beauty's soft lines to animate each thought:  
The smiling Babe the pleasing influence stole,  
And dawning Graces sooth'd the Mother's soul.

While nations fade, and ages roll away,  
Too soon the fragile works of art decay!  
Oh had the silent lapse of gliding Time  
But spar'd some remnant of the classic line,  
Whose nervous page had those deep secrets taught  
That aided mortals to embody thought;  
No longer modern Sceptic durst disclaim  
Thy title, Grecia! to the meed of Fame;  
Or dealt his scanty praise by rigid rule,  
Squar'd from the measure of the sculptor's tool,  
What though by all confess 'twas thine to trace  
The purest outline of ideal Grace,  
Proportion just, with attitude sublime,  
And Nature simple in each grand design;  
Yet still Perfection speaks a nobler plan,  
Language congenial to the soul of man;

This



## PAINTING: A POEM.

This elevates, transports, delights, inspires,  
 Kindling the glow of sentimental fires:  
 Timanthus thus, e'en greater than his art,  
 The eye neglecting, pleaded to the heart;  
 Where Iphigenia fated victim stood  
 An angry God to deprecate with blood,  
 Absorb'd in grief the sorrowing friends appear,  
 Swell the deep sigh, and roll the trembling tear:  
 The agonizing Sire!—but there the veil  
 Bids Fancy speak where Art and Science fail.

Taste, ever varying, taught by different rules  
 The Asiatic and Athenian schools;  
 Till by Eupompus<sup>1</sup> tutor'd to renown,  
 The Sicyonian claims a style her own.

Say, Greeks, where now your boasted trophies fled,  
 Or lost, or buried with the silent dead?  
 For see, what gathering clouds the sky deform,  
 Roll their dim mists, and usher in the storm;  
 The murky air, the cry of Discord rends,  
 Dissolving ruin on the blast descends.  
 All Nature shakes—the crumbling fabric-yields,  
 And fractur'd columns strew the classic fields;  
 Low ruin'd altars choak their smother'd flames,  
 And savage tread the sacred dust prophanes;  
 Round pillag'd temples, breathless arts expire;  
 Here Poetry uphangs her silver lyre;  
 Swept by rude winds, the mournful strings resound,  
 And empty porches the sad notes rebound:

Here



Here Music's unstrung lute was flung—his car  
 And trophied armour pil'd expiring War;  
 Sculpture her chissel broke—in mute suspense  
 Her brazen trumpet drops, sad Eloquence!  
 Painting, the gen'ral terror wildly shares,  
 Mourns her lost fate, and blots her works with tears;  
 'Twas then fierce Mummius led the Roman powers,  
 To pluck the mural crown from Grecian towers!  
 Fled were her Gods, and desolate her fanes,  
 When Corinth yielded to the Victor's chains;  
 Her glorious spoils his loaded galley store  
 Deep with her costly gems, and yellow ore:  
 The ranfack'd temples glut his impious lust,  
 And urns surrend their insulated trust;  
 Nor trifling was his prize, who rudely laid  
 His victor's hands on thee, oh! captive Maid,  
 Who drew thee fainting from thy fane assail'd,  
 Where spiral flames the vaulted temple veil'd;  
 The ruddy light thy glowing charms illum'd  
 By Rome's proud chief to swell his triumph doom'd;  
 Th' imperial city all thy grace confest,  
 Arts and the Muses fir'd her martial breast;  
 Impatient till the retribution gave,  
 And shrin'd a Goddess, whom she found a slave.

Say, Muse, how then Augustus woo'd the Maid,  
 Rome to embellish with her magic aid;  
 Her pencil then the world's great mistress calls,  
 To fix eternal triumphs round her walls;  
 Her fame, wealth, honours, empires to disclose,  
 And soothe her people with perpetual shows<sup>k</sup>;

But

But bashful Genius from the task retreats,  
 Nor bares her beauties to the public streets.  
 Where the tall pine, or gloomy cypress shades  
 The haunt sequester'd of the vestal Maids;  
 Where the dark temple half excludes the day,  
 Where Augurs wide the Sybil leaves display.  
 Where oracles ambiguous sounds return  
 From holy shrines, as quiv'ring victims burn,  
 Painting delighted, fix'd her still abodes,  
 Approach'd to Heav'n and mingled with the Gods;  
 There, as enthron'd, she seiz'd the captive mind,  
 And Artists worshipp'd what they once design'd;  
 There Piety her choicest offerings made,  
 There white-rob'd Priests unceasing homage paid;  
 Incense was hers, and 'mid her hallow'd home,  
 She shar'd with Sculpture all the vows of Rome.

But war', that scourge that angry Heav'n imparts  
 From man to man, soon check'd the growing arts;  
 His floating banners through the world display'd,  
 And snatched the Painter from the peaceful shade:  
 A spear, the Pencil, he was taught to wield,  
 His Pallet barter'd for the bossy shield;  
 His glowing colours from him rudely tore,  
 And only exercis'd to stain with gore.

Defenceless Art, vain did thy beauties glow,  
 When Superstition aim'd her vengeful blow;  
 When blinded zeal prophan'd thy sacred haunt,  
 And bid thee hence with Pagan Gods, avaunt;  
 Thy



# PAINTING: A POEM.

9

Thy altars crush'd, o'erturn'd thy helpless fanes,  
And purified with fire thy hated manes.  
Hence pencil'd vases shiver at a stroke;  
Hence pictur'd villas roll their curling smoke;  
Of curling smoke the winding volumes rise,  
Float the dimm'd air and perforate the skies;  
Arouse e'en Heaven to interpose its aid,  
And screen the Art from everlasting shade.

Far thence, where Rome, comptroller of the world,  
Her angry bolts at prostrate nations hurl'd,  
Two towns arose, for Art, for Beauty fam'd,  
Pompeia<sup>m</sup> this, that Herculaneum nam'd;  
Near Baia's cool retreats the fresh'ning breeze  
They caught, soft sweeping from the western seas;  
Awhile to feast in indolence of soul,  
And taste of peace, there Rome's patricians stole!  
For this its roof the simple villa lent,  
And poplars tall in shadowy arches bent;  
For this the light-wing'd colonade display'd  
Pillars protracting far the chequer'd shade;  
For this cool tides the gushing fountain pours,  
And grateful baths conceal their marble floors;  
With Nature, Art contending, sooth'd the mind  
With all the sober joys of taste refin'd,  
Soft Music breath'd—the chisell'd marble spoke,  
Nor, Painting, was thy pencil here forgot:  
Heav'n mark'd the spot and sign'd its glorious doom,  
“Arts to transmit to ages yet to come!”  
She spoke—and swift the gath'ring tempest howl'd,  
Earth's gloomy womb with struggling thunders growl'd;

C

Conc-



Cone-capp'd Vesuvius yawns—thick vapours rise,  
And flaming columns dart against the skies:  
See, liquified, where heated metals boil,  
And gush red torrents through the fruitful soil;  
See glowing pumice stones, ejected spring,  
Spot the black eddying smoke with lurid ring;  
While yielding flames, as hurling winds suspire,  
Rush down the mountain one broad sheet of fire,  
And floating hush each desolating groan  
Of Herculaneum in a burning zone!  
While clouds of ashes o'er Pompeia hurl'd,  
Her grotts sequester from the western world!  
Thus Heav'n affix'd her flaming seal—and there  
Check'd the fierce fires, and taught them how to spare,  
The ardent lava cool'd—and bid it rein  
The crumbling walls with adamant chain,  
To every eye impervious—doom'd to shield,  
From passing air, the treasures there conceal'd;  
That ages hence (when led by touch divine)  
Some hand inspir'd should break the mystic shrine;  
They, unentomb'd, may fresh their charms display,  
Pure and unblemish'd to the eye of day;  
That future nations, still to Genius just,  
May venerate amid the mould'ring dust;  
'Mid arts encrusted by the heav'n-wrought dome,  
The polish'd pencil of accomplish'd Rome!

CANTO

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C A N T O II.

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## ARGUMENT.

*Painting, like the Phœnix, springs from her funeral pyre, and awakens Europe, first Florence—Cimabue and Giotto—The Art long imperfect for want of judgement, in an age of romance—Memmi—Angelico—The Art assisted by painted Glass from Greece, the same brought to England, encouraged by Henry III. and William of Wickham; munificence of the latter—He introduces Enamel—Birth of the Art in Germany, France, Spain—The Albambra, origin of Arabesques, Mahomedan Laws against Painting—In France, Painters and Glaziers alike; painted Windows in Churches—Oils introduced by Van Eyck—Transplanted to Italy—Lippi—Destruction of the Arts by Savonarole—Perrugine—Court of Leo.*



### C A N T O    III.

---

AS when the phoenix, bright in death, expires  
With shrivell'd plumage in dissolving fires ;  
Aspiring from the flame her offspring soars,  
Cuts the blue ether with her light-plum'd oars ;  
In rapid circles wings her aerial flight,  
And speeds her way thro' floods of boundless light ;  
So from the pile, funereal Painting springs,  
Wide o'er Italia waves her golden wings,  
Till northern realms, long plung'd in frigid gloom,  
Wake at her call, and latent powers assume.

Say, first, oh Muse, on whom by heav'n's behest,  
In latter days the glorious task should rest,  
To snatch the Pencil from the mould'ring fane,  
And kindle Genius into life again ;  
To what blest'd country, what blest state assign'd,  
With growing Arts to humanize the mind ;  
With skill refin'd to soothe the voice of Strife,  
And strew with flowers the thorny paths of life.

Hail,

## PAINTING: A POEM.

Hail, Florence<sup>b</sup>, hail! whose classic walls preside,  
 Where spreading Arno rolls her silver tide;  
 Where her rich vales, in wild luxuriance gay,  
 Bloom with the verdure of eternal May;  
 Where gives the olive its mellifluous stores,  
 And the sweet grape its luscious juices pours;  
 Where lavish Nature all profusely yields  
 The yellow harvest to the laughing fields;  
 Where all her sons with flying touch aspire,  
 In strains divine to wake the melting lyre;  
 Far on the ear the trilling note prolong,  
 And half dissolve the yielding soul in song;  
 Where, too, the kindling fancy dares to soar,  
 And distant realms, and op'ning skies explore;  
 Then seizes the bright visions as they roll,  
 And on the canvas strait reflects the soul.

How then the Art reviv'd, oh Muse, proclaim,  
 And Cimabue<sup>c</sup> the glorious Artist's name,  
 Whose pious breast with holy zeal inspir'd,  
 Devotion now, now struggling Genius fir'd;  
 Who e'er his trembling hand the Pencil press'd,  
 All prostrate thus, his ardent vows address'd:  
 "Hail, blessed Virgin! round whose radiant steep,  
 Their golden harps according angels sweep;  
 While list'ning seraphs fold their dazzling wings,  
 As heav'n's high concave with thy glory rings!  
 Durst such a wretch as I obtrude my pray'r,  
 With mortal voice pollute the taintless air,  
 Low on my knees would I thy pow'r adore,  
 Bless thy wide influence, and thy aid implore;

Entreat



Entreat thy image on my soul to shine,  
And float my brain with vision all divine;  
That this weak hand, by thy unerring guide,  
May catch the form to human eyes deny'd:  
Immortal Beauties o'er the canvas shed,  
And plant thy streaming glories round thy head.  
He ceas'd—and soon the sacred work began,  
Throughout his breast a hallow'd fervour ran;  
With ardent zeal Maria's form he trac'd,  
Sweet in maternal smile, benignly grac'd;  
Half curtain'd in a silver cloud below,  
See at her feet attendant Cherubs bow;  
Smiling, all conscious of their blest abode,  
And mark the mother of the Saviour God.

Giotto<sup>d</sup> next succeeds—the shepherd swain,  
Who watch'd his flocks on wide Etruria's plain;  
Where, to beguile the tedious hours that run  
Unvaried all from morn to evening fun,  
On the rude brick his lines, untutor'd, keep  
The strict resemblance of the fleecy sheep:  
From thence his hand to nobler themes aspir'd;  
His bosom throb'd, by swelling Genius fir'd;  
All nature press'd upon his op'ning soul,  
And from her aspect he his sketches stole:  
Yet rude these first designs, by Art untaught,  
And more with novelty than judgment fraught;  
For then, when struggling from her Gothic yoke,  
And slumbers deep, Italia first awoke,  
What wonder if the ruddy dawning skies  
O'erpower'd with radiance her long-shadow'd eyes;  
Then



Then all was new—diffusive Genius blaz'd,  
 Nor truth had learnt astonish'd as she gaz'd  
 With stedfast look, to concentrate her rays,  
 Or where to spare, or where to lavish praise.  
 Then was the age of wonder—young Romance  
 Through gaudy bow'rs led her fantastic dance;  
 Or pluck'd sweet wild flow'rs from the forest drear,  
 Where magic groan affrights the list'ning ear;  
 Her harrowing tales fell Superstition rav'd,  
 Her strings of holy beads mankind enslav'd;  
 Passion sublimely soar'd on Fancy then,  
 And Heroes, almost Gods, were scarcely men;  
 In manners coarse, in sentiment refin'd,  
 And ever best by wide extremes defin'd.

Slow dawns each Art that sooths the fire-fraught soul,  
 And judgment flower, that matures the whole;  
 Child of Experience she—whose piercing eye  
 Scans Genius, keen with rigid scrutiny;  
 Ever the same, though ages roll away,  
 Empires extinguish'd fade, and Time decay,  
 O'er nations yet unborn shall still preside  
 With truth, her standard, essence, rule, and guide!  
 Long-rested Painting, struggling on the fame  
 Of Cimabue's and of Giotto's name:  
 In vain from them, contending Artist's raise  
 The feeble arm to pluck the palm of praise;  
 Yet vain did emulation fire them, still  
 While Taste misguided baffled all their skill:  
 Hence sprang the touch minute—the labour'd hair,  
 Puerile conceit, and cold unnatural air;

Her

The labell'd \* Portrait—Temple † wrought with cost,  
 In golden pillars, and the dome embost.  
 Works such as these to darkness we consign,  
 While lasting numbers Memni ‡ rescue thine.  
 To future ages shall thy fame aspire,  
 Borne on the airs of soft Valclusa's lyre ;  
 By whose pure springs, where sacred waters sleep,  
 Swell'd with the tears that plaintive lovers weep ;  
 Thy name re-echoing rocks shall still rebound,  
 And join'd with Laura's, float the cave profound,

What though no tuneful Bard has sung thy praise  
 Angelicus <sup>h</sup> ! or twin'd thy fading bays,  
 Let this weak hand its humble aid afford,  
 And paint the piety that Saints record :  
 Say, how thy breast, with holy rapture fir'd,  
 When sacred subjects, Heav'n's own voice inspir'd,  
 How length'ning vigils thou wert wont to keep,  
 Prostrate before the hallow'd crosses to weep.  
 In pray'r extatic rapt, adore and paint ;  
 Thy work, Devotion's Shrine, thyself her Saint !—

From dawning Arts to bend th' unwilling eyes,  
 On gath'ring mists, that roll in sullen skies,  
 Where, veil'd with vapours of profoundest night,  
 Dark Ignorance obscures the mental sight,  
 Where, no bright marbles speak their country's good,  
 And savage annals stand inscrib'd in blood,  
 How sad the task !—So mid the dreary way  
 The night-lost traveller sighs for coming day ;

D

In



In vain pale Cynthia he invokes, to shed  
 Her silver radiance trembling o'er his head;  
 Clouds roll on clouds—'till bursting lightnings fly,  
 And fling their ruddy streaks across the sky;  
 The grateful lights beam on the th' illumin'd vales,  
 And, flush'd with joy, the wand'ring fires he hails.

Come, then, by Hope inspir'd, and let us trace  
 The dawning Art, thro' Europe's scattered race,  
 From sea to sea, whose rolling waters roar,  
 And dash the Gallic or the Grecian shore;  
 Ill-fated shore!—condemn'd to bear the chains  
 Of conquest o'er her desolated plains!  
 Tho' sunk her temples, and her Gods forgot,  
 Oppression's iron-hand her wretched lot,  
 Mistress no more of Eloquence and Arts,  
 Still she the embers of her fires imparts,  
 As Europe's supplicating sons implore,  
 Makes one last effort, and revives no more;  
 Hence did Mosaic's time-resisting skill  
 (By Apollonius brought) Venetia fill;  
 To distant Albion she bequeath'd her aid,  
 Her Gothic Temples dimm'd with solemn shade  
 Of calcin'd glass distain'd; tho', not as now,  
 Gay with the colours of the solar bow;  
 Two simple tints alone their aid supplied,  
 And ingress to the rushing light denied:  
 Ere this, by Britain taught, the yielding ore  
 In rude design the mimic Monarch bore;  
 To feudal chiefs, then from the Sov'reign came,  
 The shield emblazon'd', badge of warlike fame;

High



High tow'rs the crest, unfurl'd the banner floats,  
 And the lur'd hawk nobility denotes.  
 Then Heraldry, whom mystic robe arrays  
 His broad escutcheon 'mid the church displays,  
 Till sacred pillars feel the load, and nod  
 Their gothic symbol mix'd with those of God.

Awake, oh ! Muse, and on the lyre proclaim  
 How Albion's bosom caught the kindling flame ;  
 How her proud Kings the pointed spear forego,  
 And rest incumbent on th' elastic bow ;  
 How gentle Henry <sup>m</sup>, mitred Wickham came,  
 Warm in the sunshine of an Edward's name,  
 Immortal Minister ! whose godlike mind  
 Alike befriended Genius and Mankind ;  
 At whose command proud Windsor's turrets rise,  
 And Itchin's woods the classic roof supplies ;  
 Where Learning wide unlocks her golden store,  
 And grateful Poets lisping numbers pour,  
 Till mellowing Time the swelling lay improves,  
 And leads the Bard where winding Isis roves.  
*His* was the skill to blend discordant parts,  
 The sternest duties with the gentlest arts ;  
 And woo from Jove's high court the heav'nly nine,  
 To twine his laurels with the wreath divine !

To ore metallic bound, array'd in flame,  
 Bright from the furnace, gay Enamel came ;  
 Tuscanian offspring, which adorn'd of yore  
 Porfenna's vases, cups, and regal store ;

## PAINTING: A POEM.

Now first in England, at the Priest's command,  
 Fresh lustre added to the crozier'd hand !  
 But faint these gleams of Taste, and soon o'er-shower'd,  
 When civil Discord wide its arrows pour'd,  
 When York and Lancaster divided foes,  
 And streams of blood drench'd deep each fading Rose !

Since first Creation taught the world to roll,  
 And man, wide-spreading, grasp'd from Pole to Pole,  
 Thro' ev'ry age, with searching eye, we trace  
 Progressive Arts, which mark Time's dreary space;  
 Nurs'd in soft Peace, triumphant now they soar,  
 And now in War absorb'd, delight no more !  
 Painting thus struggling, thus repress'd, we view,  
 By level Belgia's bold, industrious crew ;  
 By the proud Spaniard, ruder German boor,  
 More lively Gaul, fierce Hun, and sun-burnt Moor,  
 O'er whose high tow'rs that crown Grenada's " plains,  
 Magnificence in mangled ruins reigns ;  
 With out-stretch'd hand still points the pillar'd way.  
 Where arch multitudinous excludes the day ;  
 Where chequer'd marbles deck th' Alhambra's floor ;  
 Where brazen lions sparkling fountains pour ;  
 Where labour'd stuccos round vast portals creep,  
 Whose shapeless figures gay confusion keep ;  
 As by the Prophet's Laws, to Genius blind,  
 Forbid to imitate what Heav'n design'd ;  
 Hence, in fantastic shapes, wild foliage rolls,  
 Hence fancy shoots in long revolving scrolls,  
 These still their old Arabian lineage own,  
 And now, as Arabesques, admir'd and known.—

Behold,



Behold, where sprightly Gaul, with fancy bland,  
 Waves the light crayon ° in her supple hand;  
 E'er this, the Painter and the Glazier shone,  
 With equal lustre, once conjoin'd in one,  
 Whose painted panes thro' pointed windows shed  
 Long-colour'd twilights o'er the silent dead;  
 Here hallow'd tapers lend their yellow gloom;  
 Here smoking incense mocks the eye of noon,  
 Here Superstition every light disdains,  
 And, thron'd on clouds of mist, impervious reigns.  
 Painting, as yet, in roughest garb we trace,  
 Nor blending oils had lent their softening grace;  
 But yet *al fresco*, on wide walls display'd,  
 And stone or wood received the mimic shade.  
 In later days, from Belgia's busy toil,  
 Arose the grateful use of mellow'ng oil';  
 Nor there unrivall'd long—impatient rise  
 The fire-fraught offspring of the southern skies,  
 Snatch the young blossoms from their northern root,  
 And these engrafting, teach afresh to shoot,  
 Still e'er the plant to full perfection came,  
 And fruit produc'd of everlasting fame;  
 Full many a bud its infant scions bore,  
 And many an untold floret bloom'd of yore,  
 Whose humble glories pine amid the shade  
 Far-spreading, by maturer branches made:  
 Mine the dull theme to trace their modest bloom,  
 With trembling hand to cull their faint perfume,  
 'Mid wither'd leaves, to choose with nicest care,  
 Select with caution, and with judgment spare,

Best

Left Taste, disgusted, hence recede, nor ask  
Prolong'd the rude unvariegated task.

*Felipe Lipini*

Tho' now the captur'd Lippi<sup>e</sup> please no more;  
Yet his light sketches on a foreign shore,  
By charcoal wrought, a rude resemblance bear,  
Delight and then disarm the stern Corsair!  
Oh, pow'r of Genius! whose bright wand is such,  
That chains recoiling, burst beneath thy touch,  
Wide o'er the world diffuse thy radiance free,  
Nor then forgot to shed thy fires on me!

Nature his aim, where undisguis'd she reigns,  
The ancient Artist drapery disdains,  
Plays the bold limbs with fashion unconfin'd,  
And floats the waving locks with wanton wind.  
Where Sparta once her rigid laws unroll'd,  
Her chasten'd youth confess'd the soul controul'd,  
Oft naked to gymnastic sports would rush,  
Nor thought impure enforc'd the guilty blush:  
Slaves too, who sunk beneath the burthen's press,  
Spurn'd, with contempt, the double load of dress;  
Whose perfect limbs, where strength with beauty vied,  
Perpetual models to the Art supplied.

But varying customs, influence varying climes,  
Manners with nations, nations change with times;  
The shiv'ring sons of Europe, now no more  
With forms unbound, enrich the Painter's store,  
Who still delights, uncheck'd by art, to trace  
The flowing outline of the human race;

And



And these pure models Nature now denies,  
The mutilated hand of Greece supplies !

Slow dawn'd the rising art, when fierce and loud,  
A holy Monk', with pious zeal endow'd,  
Painting descried—and fervent rage express'd  
At altars e'en, prophan'd by Saints undress'd ;  
Music alike his pious horror shares,  
That lulls the soul, dissolv'd in melting airs ;  
Virgins, by him controul'd, suspend the dance,  
Nor thread the mazy lab'rins of romance :  
Thus mad with zeal, as round his honied tongue,  
Like summer bees, surrounding list'ners clung,  
Kindled by breath fanatic—glows the pyre,  
First with the light effusions of desire,  
Sonnets and tales of loves—in spiral flames  
Volumes of Chivalry enrol their names :  
Immodest Saints a ruddy robe arrays,  
Olympian Goddesses increase the blaze ;  
Nymphs, Satyrs, Gods, and Gladiators meet ;  
Fell Superstition feels her sway complete :  
And Arts, by her despoil'd, shall never cease  
To mourn her triumph o'er the wreck of Greece.

Hence the sad eye with equal horror turns,  
Where Virtue prostituted talents mourns ;  
Where sainted Julia's virgin bloom receives  
The prostrate homage impious Borgia gives !  
Thence glancing o'er a long industrious line  
Of minor Artists rests at Perrugine,  
Whose Pupil, all divine, reverts the rays  
That round him shine, to gild the Master's bays.

Pause

## PAINTING: A POEM.

Pause here, my Muse, and veil thy dazzled light,  
 Dimm'd with the sparkling points of radiant light,  
 Whose streaming glory wide effulgence darts,  
 To hail with Leo's reign, the reign of Arts!  
 Angelo, Raphael, Titian, pour around  
 Their glowing tides, and ev'ry sense confound:  
 Teach, then, my soul on poizing wing to soar,  
 Their various modes, their various styles explore;  
 In just precision martiall'd, bid arise  
 Each School distinct to my enraptur'd eyes,  
 Till cooler judgment ev'ry merit view,  
 And, true to each, dispense the laurels due.

So first, when launch'd on ocean's liquid plain,  
 The trembling failor ey'd the pathless main,  
 No compass guiding, often wander'd far,  
 Unknown the Milky Way, or Polar Star;  
 In vain for him did glitt'ring planets roll,  
 Or either Ursa gild the glowing Pole;  
 In vain for him, in gay confusion bright,  
 Her vault Heav'n sprinkled with the lamps of night:  
 By watchful Cheron<sup>m</sup> taught, at length he learns  
 To name each orb that twinkles as it burns;  
 Their wide divisions marks with equal eye,  
 And rolls the Zodiac monsters round the sky;  
 As perfect order draws the phantom line,  
 The cluster'd stars in constellations shine;  
 In mild magnificence diffuse their light,  
 Point the plain pathway thro' the shades of night,  
 Direct the bark across the azure tide,  
 And ever shine the seamen's heav'n-set guide.

CANTO



A. R. G. U. L. I. T.

C A N T O III.

## A R G U M E N T.

*Invocation to Apollo to record the different Schools, Milanese, Roman, Venetian, Parmesan, Bolognan, Flemish, German, French, Spanish, British—Leonardi de Vinci—Michael Angelo—Raphael—Invention of Engraving—Julio de Romano, Giorgion, Titian, Tintoret, Bassano, Correggio—Decay of the Art, after the sack of Rome, till revived by the Carracci, Guido, Caravaggio, Albano—The Arts, like the Rivers formed in the Alps, overflow their mounds, and spread over Europe—Van Eyck, Vanderveld, the Blacksmith of Antwerp—Ruysdail, Cuypp, Teniers, Rubens, Vandyck, Durar, Holbens—Address to the Shades of departed Artists.*



## C A N T O. III.

---

GREAT God of Song, beneath whose skilful hand  
The yielding lyre's sweet melodies expand,  
Soothe, calm, elate, pervade, subdue the soul,  
And mould the passions to thy soft controul;  
Teach me, like thee, in varying notes, to tell  
How diff'rent Schools in diff'rent styles excel;  
The scale of varying merits to define,  
'Their sep'rate attributes to each assign,  
And the wide blaze discriminate, whose rays  
Outshine the scanty epithets of praise.

The transient school of Milan first we trace,  
With theory, unmellow'd into grace:  
Next of the Roman we with wonder speak,  
Where Nature animates the true antique;  
Where perfect drawing winds the flowing line,  
Where grace with spirit, ease with force combine.  
Not so Venetia's brilliant pupils charm,  
Whose local tints, bright lights, and col'ring warm,

The dazled judgment blind, arrest the eye,  
 And hold the soul in fascinated tie—  
 Tho' light, yet perfect, tho' correct, yet free,  
 The Students of the Parmesan agree;  
 Whose labours, fraught with learning's full increase,  
 Transmit the ancient purity of Greece.  
 The praise of grace Bologna's scholars share,  
 Skilful in beauty, attitude, and air;  
 Apart from grandeur, all their aim to please,  
 Blend with soft pencils, and design with ease.

Of northern Schools we next survey the touch,  
 And mark the Belgian, and laborious Dutch;  
 These, still to modest Nature ever true,  
 Close thro' her humblest paths the Dame pursue;  
 Thro' each low track with care insidious wind,  
 And from his cottage drag the rustic hind.  
 With less success the German Artists toil,  
 Spreading, with leisure hand, the blending oil,  
 Dry and insipid—Nature they express,  
 But veil her native grace with Gothic dress.  
 Next, the pleas'd eye surveys, with rapid glance,  
 The studious labours of the Sons of France,  
 Where Grecian marbles perfect lines supply,  
 And life and colour only there deny.  
 More strong, more pure, more fraught with living fire,  
 To snatch the pencil, Spain's proud sons aspire;  
 Whose vales uncultur'd no rude plough divides,  
 Nor forest undulates the mountain sides;  
 Where sun-burnt plains their russet length extend,  
 And black-brow'd rocks in solemn pomp ascend;

The

lion



The brook its scanty stream unnotic'd pours,  
 And sullen Nature o'er the landscape lours:  
 But gloomy, mid her cloudless skies, beholds  
 The Spanish features cast in strongest moulds;  
 Enrob'd in Moorish garb, her youths advance,  
 While cymbals stimulate the antick dance;  
 In light fandangos toft, they tread in air,  
 As sounds the dulcet flute, or shrill guitar,  
 Till drap'ry, passion, attitude combine,  
 And breathe Perfection in one great design.

To Albion next reverts the aching sight,  
 Who now no more shall shine in borrow'd light;  
 But, strong in native Genius, dares to raise  
 Her godlike arm to grasp the palm of Praise.

As points, with timid hand, and watchful eye,  
 The Eastern Shepherd to the evening sky,  
 Each night unwearied to the task repairs,  
 And marks the magnitude of all the stars;  
 Let me, like him, uncheck'd, my path pursue,  
 And still to Nature and to Reason true,  
 Explore, with patient ken, the brilliant host,  
 Nor mid the scene of countless light be lost.

First, Milan's short-liv'd school our cares engage,  
 Which claims the hoar pre-eminence of age.  
 Where Vinci first describ'd the Art sublime,  
 In heav'n-taught precepts, immatur'd by time;

*Leonardo da Vinci*

Whose

Whose taste, intuitive, to nought confin'd;  
 Fill'd the wide precincts of th' unbounded mind;  
 Skill'd in each art of elegance or use,  
 Alike the Son of Music and the Muse!

Chief of the Roman School, descend and sing;  
 Loud, and yet louder, strike the brazen string,  
 Till the strong tones from Heav'n's high arch rebound,  
 And earth reverberates the bursting sound:  
 Strains all divine great Angelo<sup>b</sup> inspire,  
 Thy hand of iron, and thy soul of fire;  
 Whose nervous line with skill profound combin'd  
 Each playful muscle and its place assign'd;  
 From thee first Raphael<sup>c</sup> seiz'd the glowing flame,  
 Which flashing strong as bursting lightnings came:  
 Raphael! whose more than mortal Pencil caught  
 The soft emotions of the lightsome thought;  
 Skill'd to arrest the passions as they roll,  
 And snatch Expression, touchstone of the soul!  
 To bid with grace the bending neck decline,  
 To float loose drap'ries with the flowing line;  
 The wanton locks in waving braids to turn;  
 Instruct the raptur'd Magdalen to mourn;  
 Beauty with added lustre warm, and shed  
 The stream of glory round the sacred head;  
 Low at thy feet the dying victim<sup>d</sup> see,  
 That ruthless Envy immolates to thee!  
 Thy once lov'd Friend!—to Death's cold realm betray'd,  
 Struck by the fires thy guiltless hand convey'd:  
 Fame at thy call inflates her brazen lungs,  
 And breathes thy glories on her hundred tongues.

Nor



Nor this alone—but soon at her command  
Engraving starts beneath the goldsmith's hand;  
Durer with skill improves its infant state,  
Till prints prolific yields th' indented plate;  
These with a blast the Goddess scatters wide,  
And floats on balmy gales on ev'ry side;  
Fraught with the precious load, soft Zephyrs roll  
Thy wasted treasures to the distant Pole.

Their taste enkindled at thy glowing fire,  
What skilful pupils hail thee as their fire!  
A glorious race;—whose laurels ever gay,  
Matur'd by Time, shall never know decay,  
And shade the temples of thy fav'rite son,  
Thy Julio's' brow! for ages yet unknown.

*Julio Romano*

Lo! where deep lakes their noxious mists exhale,  
And rising vapours load the passing gale;  
From Heav'n propitious to the world below  
Light-footed Iris rests her radiant bow!  
Whose vivid tints in mystic colours gay,  
The pupils of Venetia's school display;  
With Giorgion's<sup>a</sup> name, the under archway bends,  
Titian with brighter radiance next ascends,  
With varying lustre Tintoret then shines,  
In paler glories Veronese declines;  
Bassans completes the brilliant semi-sphere,  
Till the dim vision fades in viewless air!  
Hail dazzling group! who captivate the mind  
With fascinating Art, to Judgment blind,

That

That asks, with you enrapt, no Roman fires,  
 Historic truths, nor Grecian taste requires;  
 But feels, admitted to your glowing store,  
 Lost in delights, nor knows to ask for more.  
 Well might great Cæsar all his cares suspend,  
 With Titian lose the Monarch in the Friend;  
 Thrice by his hand pourtray'd his likeness see,  
 And boast his triple immortality!

Thy gentle rays, Correggio, stream afar,  
 And Parma greets thee as her leading star!  
 Thee, Child of nature, whose untutor'd stroke  
 No Artists emulous of fame provoke;  
 No prize incites, no Grecian relique fires,  
 No friend directs or Roman taste inspires;  
 No kindred hand the timid spirits raise,  
 Nor gratulations found the voice of praise:  
 Yet who like thee with softness skill'd to show  
 How varying tints in unison should flow?  
 Who skill'd like thee, with Grace refin'd, to move  
 Through Beauty's melting eye the soul to love?

But vain the Poet's song, when vengeful sway  
 Taught e'en the haughty Pontiff to obey;  
 When Charles, repentant, wept for ransack'd Rome,  
 And blush'd to wear the laurels he had won;  
 Genius affrighted fled the classic shore,  
 Prophan'd with hostile arms and reeking gore,  
 Sought mid o'erhanging rocks and gloomy woods,  
 Indented caverns, and hoarse tumbling floods,

A calm



A calm retreat—where hid from mortal eye,  
 The passing gale received her silent sigh;  
 While boundless fancy fill'd her native throne,  
 In wild extravagance till then unknown,  
 Spurn'd at the laws by Truth and Nature made,  
 And wanton'd in fantastic masquerade;  
 Till rose Carracci, fir'd with generous heat, *Annibale Carracci*  
 And snatch'd the Goddess from her lone retreat:  
 Each mildest grace in liveliest radiance drest,  
 His canvas animates, adorns his breast;  
 His glowing kindred aid the gen'rous aim,  
 And elevate Bologna's School to fame.  
 Thou too, oh Guido! join'd thy Art divine,  
 Taught the meek Saint with heav'nly grace to shine;  
 Through Beauty's smile bid modest virtue speak,  
 Melt in the eye, and blush upon the cheek!  
 Blest be the rival zeal that taught the way  
 To spread thy pictures with the glow of day;  
 With Caravaggio<sup>n</sup> the great contest made,  
 Softness to Strength oppos'd, and Light to Shade;  
 Lanfranc, Albano, join the glorious throng,  
 Swell the deep triumph and partake the song.

Hard the long theme to speak descriptive praise,  
 Where equal merits claim the equal bays;  
 And intricate the task, when wide around,  
 No one proud point predominates the ground;  
 So where white Alps in cloud-capt summits rise,  
 Pierce the thin clouds, and dare the low'ring skies,

F

Between

Between whose valleys ice eternal reigns,  
 And hoarded rivers lie condens'd in chains;  
 Till freed by summer suns they darkly pour  
 Through arched ificles their wat'ry store;  
 O'er rocks abrupt in trickling drops distil,  
 Wind rudely rushing round the fir-crown'd hill,  
 Contrast with sparkling foam the pine's deep shade,  
 Or tumble, roaring in the rough cascade;  
 The echoing hills the traveller's footsteps trace,  
 Still op'ning views retiring scenes efface;  
 His wearied eyes impatient turn for rest,  
 And feelings all sublime oppress his breast:  
 Still while he gazes—swelling o'er the plain,  
 No more impal'd by Nature's icy chain;  
 The mingling streams, refresh'd by melting snow,  
 Burst o'er their mounds, and float the vales below;  
 Round Europe wide their massy waters spread,  
 And roll vast rivers in each oozy bed.  
 Thus when complete the imitative Art,  
 Nor Study's latent store could more impart;  
 She, spurning at controul, forgets her birth,  
 O'erleaps her native Alps, and fills the earth.

Thee, sage Van Eyck<sup>r</sup>, the pleasing cares engage,  
 Succeeding sons to count from age to age;  
 Skill'd to command the Pencil and the Tool,  
 Who hail thee patron of the Flemish School:  
 By thee inspired see Vanderwerf<sup>m</sup> advance,  
 And jocund Bruyle invite the festive dance;

Enslav'd



Enslav'd by Love and thee, the Blacksmith spurns  
 The hissing forge, and from the anvil turns;  
 His useless bellows scornful now disclaims,  
 And eager pants to kindle softer flames:  
 Ruysdael through dark-brown Woods the torrent pours;  
 Thy Cattle, Cuyp, unmatch'd as Tenier's Boors;  
 By Time respected Brill's mild Landscapes bloom,  
 And flowers eternal strew old Heemskirke's tomb.  
 See Rubens glow magnificently great,  
 Attend at once the Pallet and the State;  
 Now plung'd in pomp of Courts delight to shine,  
 Now rapt alone in energy divine!  
 Whose uncorrected hand impetuous wrought  
 With all the quick exuberance of thought;  
 Profusely scatter'd grace at ev'ry stroke,  
 If wav'd the pine or spread th' knotted oak;  
 If brownest horrors breath'd the trembling woods,  
 Or chequer'd sunshine glanc'd the chrystal floods.  
 Proud of his works, see Bourbon's royal line,  
 By him array'd in deathless glory shine;  
 And ages hence, when lost in mute decay,  
 Time shall their royal honours melt away;  
 Still shall their domes, by him enrich'd, proclaim  
 Their kindred right to Medicean Fame!

*Which Cuyp?*

All-powerful Pencil!—like the wand of yore,  
 Skill'd to transmute to gold each baser ore!  
 With thee content, Vandyke<sup>p</sup> had made his own  
 The deep-fought riches of the magic stone:

Master of Portrait he!—What myriads wait,  
 Anxious from him to snatch immortal fate.  
 What tho' unskill'd with flatt'ring hand to shed  
 A mimic beauty round the homely head;  
 Though all in native lustre only shine,  
 Nor even Sacharissa blooms divine;  
 Yet still with graceful vest and easy air  
 He veils the limbs, and turns the flowing hair:  
 Nor yet does Time his pleasing taste repress,  
 Amid the wide domain of female dress;  
 Still to his aid the modern belle recurs,  
 Rolls the loose ringlet, and suspends the furs;  
 Indents the scallop, puffs the sleeves alike,  
 And at her noontide toilet hails Vandyke.

*Abstract Dancer*  
*e/*

Durſt the lyre's recording ſtrain demands,  
 Beneath whoſe zeal the German taſte expands;  
 And thee, oh Holbein', ſhall her ſong report,  
 Beſtow'd by Friendſhip's hand on Britain's Court.

Ye ſacred ſhades that flit the midnight air,  
 And round your deathleſs trophies oft repair:  
 Bleſt ghoſts of Artiſts!—who, well pleas'd, ſurvey  
 The homage ſtill ſucceeding ages pay!  
 When ſable Darkneſs ſpreads her veil of night,  
 (The cluſ't'ring viſion ſcreen'd from mortal ſight);  
 When peeping Cynthia ſcarce intrudes her horn,  
 While myſtic ſounds on chilling winds are borne,  
 From parting clouds of ſilver ether bend,  
 And grateful to the Muſe's lay attend:

And,



And, oh forgive ! unconscious all of wrong,  
If guiltless error undulate her tongue ;  
Forgive, if fading on her mortal eye,  
Names ever worthy of recordance die !  
Yet not from Her, their lights refulgent beam,  
Nor flow their glories from the Muse's stream,  
Whose murmuring course 'mid humble dales aspires,  
But to reflect and not to feed their fires ;  
So glows the peaceful lake with surface even,  
Thick strew'd with midnight gems that fall from heaven.

# EXTRACT

and of course, in the case of a woman,  
it is quite common to find her  
fugitive, it is likely to be the case.  
A woman will often of her own accord  
leave her home and her family, and  
in some cases, even the life of a child.  
While many women would not be likely to  
do so without some reason, it is not  
uncommon to find them leaving their  
homes without any apparent cause.



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## CANTO IV.

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## ARGUMENT.

*The Muse, borrowing a religious dress, has access to the pictures confined in Spanish convents—The Escorial—Rincon the Father of the Spanish School, under the patronage of Isabella—General influence of the Passions in works of Art—Piety of Juanes—Gloom of Ribero and Salvator—Pride of Velasquez—Cana—Murilio—Moralis—Cespedes—Jordano—Mengs—Decay of Arts in Spain—Roux and Primatrice in France—Guernier—Poussin—Bobrun—Le Seuer—Le Brun—Watteau—Fresnoy—Vernet—Claude—Arts in England under Henry VIII.—Holbein—Arts checked by the Reformation—Courtenay—Digression on Happiness, as consisting on the activity of the Soul—Hilliard—Oliver—Gibson—Jameson—Stuarts patrons of the Art—Buckingham—Charles II. licentious style of Painting introduced from France—Lely—Kneller—Arts at a low ebb under Queen Anne—Hogarth—Address to modern Artists—Conclusion.*



## CANTO IV.

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FROM splendid scenes, whose more than magic tie  
The Fancy binds, and captivates the eye ;  
From garish vision, fraught with lively fires,  
Sated with light the dazzled Muse retires ;  
From Lombard's suns and Belgia's fenny coast,  
Where Europe worships, in amazement lost,  
Her flight o'er Pyrenean hills she speeds,  
Enwraps her graceful limbs in fable weeds ;  
In deep disguise her straggling locks confines,  
And to her waist the holy beads she binds :  
Thus closely veil'd, explores the dreary way  
Where moss-grown convents stretch their cloisters grey ;  
Where voice nor sound disturbs the midnight air,  
Save bells that toll to penitence and pray'r :  
See, at her touch, each jarring grate unfolds,  
And hallow'd haunts th' immortal maid beholds ;  
There, by the glimmering light that faintly pours  
Thro' Gothic archways, high in gloomy tow'rs ;

G

Her

Her raptur'd eye the wondrous works surveys  
 Of Spanish genius in her golden days;  
 Hers, then, the task to catch the ardent vow  
 To heav'n transmitted from the world below:  
 Hers, then, on holy altars high to stand,  
 And point the upward path with sacred hand;  
 The trembling penitent with zeal inspire,  
 Affect the soul—rouse cold Devotion's fire;  
 The wav'ring lamp of Piety supply,  
 And act an engine of the Deity!

What, though no more pale Superstition's art  
 Enchains the soul, and cramps the narrow'd heart;  
 Though the freed mind, with philosophic smile,  
 Marks the vain Prince, that heav'n would fain beguile  
 With promis'd temples wafted on the wind,  
 And bribe th' Almighty to destroy mankind;  
 Yet o'er the vow, while Wisdom's cheek turns cold,  
 The decent veil ye sons of Genius hold,  
 Nor dare, with critic scorn, the day arraign  
 That gave th' Escorial to the hills of Spain!  
 Sacred to Faith and Art the pile has stood  
 A long asylum to the great and good;  
 Where Artists, anxious to enrol a name,  
 Have cloth'd her monumental walls with fame;  
 Conspir'd their noblest powers her pride to raise,  
 And crown'd the æra with Augustan praise.  
 What, though no Muse's lyre their works records,  
 Nor critic's scale (till late) their fame awards;

What,



What, though unmark'd, they here for ever sleep,  
 Or else where sacred walls hoar mildews weep;  
 Where wearied pilgrims pious shrines invoke,  
 As round rich altars yellow tapers smoke,  
 Or 'mid dim lights where dreary shades deform;  
 Where narrow windows fence against the storm;  
 Where moated castles reign in solemn state,  
 Nor welcome trav'ler turns the heavy gate;  
 Though banish'd e'en in endless night to rust,  
 O'er-run with cobwebs and entomb'd in dust.  
 Still shall their praise the Spanish name prolong,  
 Attune my reed, and swell the lab'ring song.

Come, then, with patient step, and let us trace  
 The early dawning of the Painter race;  
 When Rinçon first prepar'd the path to fame,  
 Beneath the auspice of the Royal Dame;  
 Whose liberal hand first stretch'd th' advent'rous sails  
 That gave Columbus to the wafting gales;  
 The wafting gales the canvas wide unfur'd,  
 And hail'd her sovereign of a new-found world;  
 E'en here, where polish'd culture never taught  
 To mark by lasting characters the thought;  
 Nature his guide, the mild Peruvian brings  
 His simple annals on his colour'd strings;  
 The subtler Mexican with mimic shapes,  
 In cloth or hides, the forms of Nature apes:  
 And ages hence, when Bards unborn shall rise,  
 And float with hallow'd strains the Western skies:

Hence shall they mark the slowly rising scale  
 Of Genius, from the hieroglyphic tale;  
 While sounds harmonious breathe each tuneful shell,  
 Sacred to op'ning Arts and Isabel!—  
 Say, who can Fate's mysterious page unroll,  
 There mark what passions variegate the soul?  
 Then tell how Vanity, with sovereign sway,  
 How disappointed Pride, to Grief a prey,  
 Extraneous aid afforded to support,  
 And foster Genius at the Spanish Court:  
 Tell how great Cæsar<sup>e</sup> breath'd the vaunting vow,  
 To snatch each trophy from a rival brow;  
 Peerless in arms—yet anxious to combine  
 In pealing chorus all the tuneful Nine,  
 And woo the Muses underneath the shade  
 By flaunting laurels round his helmet made.  
 Does savage Philip<sup>d</sup> seek to lull his cares,  
 And soothe the anguish of declining years?  
 Made harsh by Fortune and by Nature stern,  
 Oft to Coello's garret see him turn;  
 There all his griefs forget, his cares unbend,  
 And in the Artist venerate the Friend.

Where Fancy feeds the mind with dazzling themes,  
 And glowing spirits prompt the buoyant dreams;  
 Each trembling nerve in quick vibration beats,  
 And fire-fraught pulses heave with kindling heats;  
 Impulse innate, that scorns to brook controul,  
 Swells into passion, and absorbs the soul:

Hence



Hence every act some tinge of temper wears ;  
 Here drest in smiles, and there dissolv'd in tears ;  
 Thy hand divine Juanes' ' moves inspir'd  
 By pure Devotion's holy rapture fir'd ;  
 On thy chaste Easel pious saints adore,  
 And dove-ey'd virgins soft orisons pour,  
 Where trembling sinners fix their eager eyes,  
 And prostrate vot'ries see and idolize ;  
 See next Ribero ' , wrapt in pensive mood,  
 Black Melancholy mantling thick his blood ;  
 Bids martyr'd saints from tortur'd life recede,  
 As thrilling Horror prompts the dreadful deed.  
 On gloomy pinions wing'd, Salvator's form *Salvator Rosa*  
 Broods 'mid rough rocks, and shudders in the storm,  
 Tenant of Nature's wilds ; to shun mankind,  
 And woo rude scenes congenial to his mind.  
 Superb Velasquez ' mark, decreed by Fate,  
 To feed and decorate the pomp of state ;  
 Do royal themes beneath his touch advance,  
 The robes all flutter and the steeds all prance !  
 High bounding beats the swelling chest—and wide  
 Rolls the big eye elate with conscious pride.  
 What fire of fancy, Cana ' , fill'd thy breast,  
 When sinking on the verge of final rest,  
 From the rude-shapen Cross thou turn'st thine eye,  
 To launch, unhallow'd, on eternity ?  
 Apart from busy life's tumultuous dreams,  
 The mild Murillo paints his tender themes ;  
 Cespedes, Morales ' , your names demand  
 A wreath of laurel from the Muse's hand ;

Not

Not so Jordano's rapid sketch invites,  
 Nor later Mengs \* with fading taste delights;  
 E'en now declining from her brighter day,  
 The Spanish Genius sinks obscure away.  
 To deeds of yore her deathless name she trusts,  
 In sleep reposes, or in cloisters rusts;  
 There mourns, in fullen sloth, her country's fate,  
 Lull'd in the torpor of a sinking state.

*Primaticcio*

Beneath the shade by Gallic lilies spread,  
 Turn now where Painting rears her op'ning head;  
 Where Roux and Primatrice to watch her rise,  
 And Gothic vision, as she blossoms, dies;  
 When Superstition, Arms, and Love essay'd  
 To mingle hands in frolic masquerade,  
 The group fantastic pleas'd the chiefs of yore,  
 And Chivalry the name the trio bore;  
 Then plac'd by Guernier ' round the sacred page,  
 The Art adorn'd, and mark'd the motly age,  
 Well skill'd with equal zeal the times to paint,  
 Inflame the Lover, or inspire the Saint!

*Nicolas Poussin*

Pouffin his task begins—with studious plans  
 The chissel of the ancient Greeks he scans;  
 But Sculpture's marble line alone he trusts,  
 Hence statues are his forms, his heads but busts.  
 With pencil less correct, and careless air,  
 The lively Bobruns fascinate the fair;  
 Their art to flatter—with bewitching wiles,  
 Play round the teeth-impearl'd, soft dimpling smiles;

To



To azure eyes, the shadowy fringe oppose,  
And on the lily graft the brilliant rose;  
'Twas theirs o'er Fashion empire to assume,  
Knot the loose ribband, undulate the plume,  
The fancied robe to plait was theirs the task,  
And veil the fond intrigue in sober mark!

See from Le Seur what melting scenes arise, *Le Seur*  
To claim soft pitying drops from moist'ning eyes:  
At thy command, Le Brun<sup>m</sup>, what magic spell  
Bids breathless canvas tales of passion tell?  
Do jarring monarchs seize the soul in turn,  
As hopes or fears alternate sink or burn;  
Or she, who tender, beautiful, and young,  
Pride of a court, and shame of every tongue,  
Enwrapp'd in weeds, now drops the tender tear,  
The fond, impassion'd, penitent Valière.  
Far other themes thy cheerful hand employ,  
Far other visions of more social joy;  
Far other soft delights enchanting flow  
From thy Arcadian pencil, gay Watteau!  
While Fresnoy's equal hand suspends the scales,  
Where now the pencil, now the pen prevails;  
And Vernet bids his busy oceans lave  
The fog-crown'd rock, and dash the foaming wave.

Say, to what School must we the hand assign,  
Whose golden suns in Lombard vales decline;  
Whose Roman temples close o'erhanging stand,  
Where scanty Tyber bathes her yellow sand;

Whose

Whose spreading lakes give gath'ring mists to rise,  
Their morning incense trailing to the skies;  
Whose blue Calabrian hills long shadows throw,  
And dingy poplars fringe the rapid Po?  
While eager nations join in loud applaud,  
And here confess the great, th' immortal Claude;  
Say, shall Lorraine her native Son reclaim,  
Adopt his triumph, and partake his fame?

When now no more by rolling billows tost,  
The care-worn seaman hails his native coast,  
Who, pale with toil, has hail'd each circling sign,  
Froze near the Pole, burnt underneath the Line,  
Sounded the distant bay, the surf-beat shore,  
Where rocks insidious lurk, where whirlpools roar,  
Doubled the jutting Cape's tremendous steep,  
Round whose rough base conflicting waters sweep;  
Joyful the op'ning harbour he espies,  
And eager transport flashes from his eyes:  
So hails the wearied Muse her natal isle,  
Where Albion's chalky cliffs o'er ocean smile,  
Round whose broad brows the clouds delight to rest,  
And screaming sea-fowl build the aerial nest.  
Here then again she wakes the peaceful lyre,  
With flying finger strikes the golden wire,  
Records what themes unsung her labours ask,  
When regal sway was fickle Henry's task;  
The wayward Monarch eager now implores  
The hand of Raphael to his sea-girt shores.

Now



Now mad with zeal his pious rage descends,  
 Where Superstition wide her sway extends ;  
 Dismantled monast'ries their fate bewail,  
 And Priests lament the legendary tale ;  
 The licens'd multitude impatient rush  
 To rend the altars, and the Saints to crush ;  
 And, blind with fury, their wild zeal destroys  
 Pictures, as objects of unholy joys.

Yet did the Art, on buoyant pinions spread,  
 High o'er the tempest bear her hallow'd head ;  
 Descend, invok'd by captive Courtenay's ° pray'r,  
 Cheer the lone cell, and chase the fiend Despair.  
 Teach mild Contentment 'mid the gloom to shine,  
 And gild his prison-walls with rays divine !

Think not, ye gay, that happiness resorts  
 Alone to crowded scenes and splendid Courts.  
 What tho' on savage shores by tempests tost,  
 From friends dissever'd, from remembrance lost ;  
 Still shall the active mind superior soar,  
 Employ'd, contented, and require no more ;  
 Alike adopt each varying clime her own,  
 'Mid Lapland's cold, or Barca's burning zone ;  
 Mark—fearless, round the Line loud thunders roll,  
 Or count the waves congeal'd that guard the Pole ;  
 Action her bliss—if 'mid o'erhanging woods  
 She chase the game, or cleave the yielding floods ;  
 If o'er the ice she roue the shaggy bear,  
 Trim the pale lamp, that lights the fading year,

H

Delva }

## PAINTING: A POEM.

Delve in the Mine, ascend the loaded tree,  
 Dive deep for pearls beneath the Indian sea,  
 Climb the vast Andes, hurl the painted lance,  
 Or join the feather'd chiefs in warlike dance—  
 Or else, with sedentary toil, prolong  
 The dulcet harmony of trilling song;  
 Point the long telescope, the mem'ry brace,  
 Recount the heroes of a distant race;  
 Or snatch the glowing pencil, skill'd to show  
 The hand of Heaven on the mountain brow!

*Nich Hilliard  
 of Exeter*

But turn we now to mark with nicest care  
 Where Hilliard's labour threads the fine-spun hair;  
 From patient Oliver is first descry'd  
 Neat Miniature, to Dignity allied;  
 E'en Gibson's <sup>P</sup> Baby hand the Pallet weilds,  
 And Jamefon decorates cold Scotia's fields:  
 Thus when the Stuart Princes fill'd the throne,  
 And hapless Charles yet wore the slipp'ry crown,  
 Gay, gallant Villiers, Fortune's fav'rite child,  
 On growing taste with fondest rapture smil'd;  
 The youthful Artist feels the kindling flame,  
 And pants to enter in the lists of Fame;  
 To other climes with eager transport flies,  
 To snatch the envied spoils of happier skies,  
 Till grateful Britain on her sea-girt coasts,  
 Of Greece and Rome the feather'd chissel boasts;  
 By imitative Cleyne's laborious hand,  
 Adorn'd with light grotesques her structures stand,

Such



Such as the ranfack'd earth to light reveal'd,  
 By mould'ring ages from the world conceal'd ;  
 Which once the grot of Godlike Titus graced,  
 And hence their modern names (Grotelques) embraced.

From England, banish'd with the Royal line,  
 The Arts neglected, seek a foreign clime,  
 Till thence returning in the Monarch's train,  
 Once more enthron'd, amid a Court they reign ;  
 Where Gallic manners taught the pulse to beat,  
 With wanton frolic and illicit heat !  
 Sacred to Venus rose the proud alcove,  
 'Mid myrtle groves, whose shade allur'd to love,  
 To softest measures thrill'd the Poet's lyre,  
 Parent of transport wild, and young desire,  
 E'en Painting caught the courtly air, and stole  
 Seduction's garb to fascinate the soul ;  
 The loose attire thro' falling folds display'd  
 The native graces of the snowy maid,  
 Whose sleepy eye, in lustre mild, confess'd  
 The transport struggling in her heaving breast.  
 Luxurious Lely<sup>a</sup> thus the Nymph consign'd,  
 To wake the passions, and enflame mankind ;  
 Taught her thro' Windsor's gilded bow'rs to rove,  
 To cull the vot'ries of the Queen of Love ;  
 From Britain's Isle the fairest dames affort,  
 And waft round Charles's throne the Paphian Court.

The softer sex the distaff then forsook.  
 The pallet wielded, and the pencil took ;

Fair Killegrew ' then dwelt on ev'ry tongue,  
 By Courtiers flatter'd, and by Dryden sung,  
 Whose deathless strains immortal fame impart,  
 " A Grace for Beauty, and a Muse for Art !"

*But Angelica Kauffman with a note?*

See Kneller's rife amid the smiles of State,  
 Fantastically grand, and wildly great ;  
 Whose hand, tho' erring wide from Nature's laws,  
 Enchants the eye, and fascinates applause ;  
 But most delights when round the female face,  
 He plays the nameless ornaments of Grace !  
 To snatch his air succeeding Artists aim,  
 But emulate his errors with his fame.  
 Round Anna's Court, in Arms, in Letters great,  
 When Heroes guarded, Poets grac'd the State ;  
 When Science deep explor'd all Nature's ways,  
 Dissected, or conjoin'd the solar rays ;  
 The vast velocity of sound defin'd,  
 To harmless play th' electric fires assign'd ;  
 Trac'd gravitation to its central source,  
 And mark'd the Comet thro' its rapid course:  
 Arts unregarded in oblivion slept,  
 Or thro' life's narrowest paths inglorious crept.  
 In vain the Muse invests with watchful eye  
 Their secret haunts thro' thick obscurity ;  
 Amid the gloom no vivid meteors shine,  
 No gem refulgent sparkles in the mine,  
 Till Hogarth's hand, in native Genius bright,  
 Bursts thro' the cloud, and rushes into light.  
 Facetious Moralist ! around whose brow  
 Mirth, Whim, and Jollity delight to glow.

Nature



Nature her mirror lends, at thy request,  
And Folly, there reflected, stands confest ;  
Thy sketches thence instructive truths impart,  
And lighten, while they mend the human heart.

As when, of late, towards the orbs of night,  
Herschel's long tubes up-turn the ravish'd sight ;  
New suns, new worlds, emit refulgent rays,  
Or shine apart, or congregated blaze ;  
So wide round Britain, living artists rise,  
And gild, with rays divine, their native skies ;  
To them the offspring of the tuneful Nine  
The flow'r-wove chaplet proffers at their shrine ;  
The garland once that fair Italia wore,  
When fraught with Genius were the sons she bore,  
But there degenerate the line we trace,  
And here translated glows the heav'n-born race.  
Oh ! were it mine with perfect skill to raise  
Their glorious labours, and entwine their bays,  
To Thee, who first th' immortal art design'd,  
And feed'st with seeds of fire the Painter's mind ;  
Immur'd in temples, then no fane should smoke,  
No incens'd altar then thy smile provoke,  
But from each laurell'd brow should then exhale,  
A soft perfume to load the passing gale ;  
The passing gale, with incense then replete,  
Should pierce Heav'n's arch, and gather round thy feet.  
Thus, hallow'd *Genius*, may'st thou ever smile,  
And shed long lustre o'er this fav'rite isle !





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## NOTES.

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### CANTO I.

a.—ALL the taste and skill of ancient as well as modern Italy in the Arts, may be deduced from Grecian origin. *and that from Egypt*

b.—Painting was said to be invented by Enoch the Son of Seth, to engage the world to religious worship by a representation of the Deity.—See FELIBIEN.

c.—Semiramis rebuilt the walls of Babylon with painted bricks.—FELIBIEN.

d.—Painting invented in Egypt by Gyges, a Lydian. Eucher is also said to have invented painting in Greece; and Bubarchus brought it from Lydia into Italy in the time of Romulus: the Romans, however, boast of its having previously existed in Italy, on the walls of a temple at Ardea.

e.—The arts of Design and Painting appeared in their highest lustre during the reigns of Philip and Alexander, who had no less taste to judge than munificence to reward them. The skill and taste of Pergoteles was distinguished by his valuable art of cutting gems, who enjoyed the exclusive privilege of so representing Alexander, as did Lyfippus of casting him in bronze, and Apelles of painting him, whose Picture of Alexander grasping a thunderbolt, was sold to the temple of Ephesian Diana for 4000l.—Apelles is said by Pliny to have spread over his Pictures, when finished, a kind of liquid ink, which increased the clearness and brilliancy of the whole, while it softened the too  
florid

florid colours. This, Sir Joshua Reynolds observes, to be an artist-like description of glazing, and concludes, that had the performances of the ancients reached us, they would have been admired for drawing as correct as that of the Laocoon, and colouring as brilliant as that of Titian. Pliny has said, that the ancients used but four colours, white, black, red, and yellow; whence their deficiency in colouring has been deduced: but Sir Joshua is of opinion, that the fewer the colours, the more clear the performance. —WALPOLE.

1.—Zeuxis refused any money for his pictures, boasting that no price could pay <sup>for</sup> them. Parhastius of Ephesus is said to have expressed in one figure the people of Athens as cruel, compassionate, proud, humble, brave, cowardly, elevated, and mean. Such discriminations of passions, and such exemplifications are certainly beyond the reach of modern art, or modern comprehension. The next celebrated painters were Amphion and Asclepiodorus. The lower branches of the art were then carried to perfection: Pyrriscus confined himself to low life, and Antiphilus to caricature. —FELIBIEN and WALPOLE.

2.—Protogenes, at the siege of Rhodes, pursued his work unmolested, and the General of the hostile army is said to have been so struck with his intrepidity and genius, as to have called off his troops from the siege, for fear of injuring so great a man. He was first drawn from obscurity by the admiration and generosity of Apelles; who, going to visit him, and not finding him at home, drew a single line, and left it with his slave: Protogenes returning, discovered by the elegance of the stroke the hand of the master, and sent him no other answer than another line surpassing the former. Apelles intersected them both with a third, and then only Protogenes confessed the superiority of his rival. These wonderful lines have sometimes been described as circles.

3.—Neacles is said to have been in a passion at being unable to represent the foam round the mouth of a horse he had painted, and to have flung his pencil in a rage at the picture, which exactly effected his purpose. The same story is related of Protogenes and a dog, <sup>and of many others</sup>

4.—The works of Eupompus (now lost) occasioned a new division of the Schools, which were formerly Grecian and Asiatic, but after him the Grecian was sub-divided into the Athenian and Sicyonian. Pamphilus, and his scholar Apelles, gave fresh lustre to the latter, which seemed to flourish longer than any other in Greece, since the paintings exhibited at the procession of Ptolemy Philadelphus, were all of them the production of Sicyonian masters. Soon after the death of Alexander, painting declined in Greece; the Greek Kings of Syria and Egypt seem to have bent their attention rather to Literature than the Arts, and the Schools of Alexandria and Seleucia never aspired beyond imitating the Greeks. The arts seem to have weakened in proportion as their circle was diffused



diffused from its ancient centre; hence they took firmer root in Alexandria than in Seleucia, and from the same circumstance they seem to have flourished longer, and more abundantly in the little principalities of Pergamus and Bythinia, than in the wealthy kingdoms of Syria and Egypt. Painting was held in such estimation by the Greeks, that Polygnotus received public thanks from the Amphictions, and was allowed a house in every town. The most considerable piece of ancient painting now extant is at Rome, in the Aldobrandin Vineyards.—GILLIES and FELIBIEN.

1.—This plan of Augustus was attempted by Ludius.

1.—Painting flourished at Rome till after Nero, when its monuments were destroyed by Christian zeal, mistaking them for objects of idolatry. The same error is to be deplored in subsequent times, when the arts have frequently fallen a sacrifice to the popular clamour of an ignorant and bigotted mob, incapable of distinguishing the object of their fury.

1.—Pompeii and Herculaneum were both destroyed in the reign of Titus, by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, anno 75. The researches of his present Neapolitan Majesty have rescued from oblivion some of those precious monuments of antiquity; and the Palace of Portici displays to the curious, among its large assemblage of excavated treasures, several specimens of the admirable drawings, and elegant forms, that mark the taste and neatness of ancient Italy.

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## N O T E S.

### C A N T O II.

1.—FEW circumstances have contributed more to soften the roughness of manners, and harmonize the mind than the cultivation of the Arts; besides the employment it affords to the energy of the soul, drawing it from objects of jealousy and discord to a rivalry that is generous, and a triumph that is honourable; directing it to the observance of beautiful Nature, and accustoming it to discern and reject, all rude protuberances of form, all harshness of colouring, all dissonance of subject; filling it with

the love of the tender, the simple, and the grand ; it insensibly leads from the contemplation of the natural to the moral world, and those amiable and interesting qualities which constitute the basis of expression, gradually win upon the heart. This happy influence extends beyond the mere professors of the Art, who are no sooner known, than admired, and imitated by the multitude, and the present age has been peculiarly marked, for that softness of manners, that urbanity of characters, that universal philanthropy, which the cultivation of the Arts has ever ensured.

<sup>b</sup>.—The Florentines sent to Greece for Artists in 1013, whence Mosaic was introduced into Italy.

<sup>c</sup>.—Cimabue of Florence was born in 1230. He was the restorer of Painting, and almost idolized by the Italians. Charles of Anjou, King of Naples, visited him in the village where he resided in the neighbourhood of Florence; which, on account of the vast concourse of people, there attracted to see and converse with this extraordinary man, assumed the name of *Borgi Allegri*. His picture of the Virgin, as described in this Poem, was considered as a miracle of art; its removal from his house to the Church of the Blessed Virgin in Florence was publicly announced to the neighbouring States, and vast multitudes from all parts of Italy joined the procession, which, accompanied by a band of music, conveyed this sacred deposit to its place of destination.

<sup>d</sup>.—Giotto, the disciple of Cimabue, was in great reputation in his day; was the friend of Dante, and celebrated by Petrarch; but perhaps for nothing more famous than his dexterity at drawing a perfect circle, without the assistance of a compass; whence the Italian proverb, “Tu sei piu tondo che l’O di Giotto.”

<sup>e</sup>.—Bucalmacco (the friend of Boccace, and his witty companions, Bruno and Calandrino) complaining of the difficulty of giving his Portraits expression, was jocosely advised by them, to put labels in the mouths of his figures, which he accordingly did, and formed a dialogue between St. Urfula and a Penitent. He died in 1340.

<sup>f</sup>.—Roselli, who was sent for, from Florence, by Sixtus the IVth, to paint his Chapel, in company with several other Artists, a prize being proposed for the best performance; conscious of his own inability, resolved upon one effort to please; he loaded his picture with gold, embossing the pillars and dome of a temple he represented with that metal, and the ignorance of the Pope adjudged to him the reward. His paintings in the Chapel were Pharaoh in the Red Sea, Christ on the Sea of Tiberias, and the Last Supper.

<sup>g</sup>.—Simon



r.—Simon Memmi painted Petrarch and Laura, whom he placed in a picture with several Kings and Cardinals, to express his gratitude at having been celebrated by Petrarch in his Sonnets. This likeness of Petrarch was taken, when he went to Rome to be crowned in 1338. Perhaps his 57th and 58th Sonnets to the Painter, which were inspired by his delights in looking at the portrait or his mistress, may not be here unacceptable; they are not selected as those of his compositions the most elegant for English versification, but inserted merely as matters of curiosity, and the imitation attempted only for the amusement of such as are unacquainted with the language of the original.

## SONETTO LVII.

PER mirar Policleto a prova fisco  
 Con gli altri, ch'ebber fama di quell' arte,  
 Mill' anni, non vedrian la minor parte  
 Della belta che m'ave il cor conquiso.  
 Ma certo il mio Simon fu in Paradiso,  
 Onde questa gentil donna si parte;  
 Ivi la vide e la ritrasse in carte,  
 Per far fede quaggiu del suo bel viso.  
 L'Opra fu ben di quelle, che nel cielo  
 Si ponno immaginar, non qui fra noi,  
 Ove le membra fanno all' alma velo.  
 Cortesia fè: ne la potea far poi,  
 Che fu disceso a provar caldo e gielo;  
 E del mortal sentiron gli occhi suoi.

## IMITATED.

SURE Policletes eagerly had gazed,  
 With others of the imitative art,  
 A thousand years, nor seen the thousandth part  
 Of that pure beauty that my heart enslaved;  
 But Simon, *he* was snatch'd to realms above,  
 From whence the fair, the lovely Laura came,  
 Where he on paper trac'd the matchless dame,  
 Her graces to the world below to prove:—  
 Such is the work, as round th' empyreal throne  
 Imagination paints!—nor such can be  
 Where mortal veil enshrouds the soul unknown—  
 Sweet Faith benign!—not thou those charms couldst see,  
 'Mid the rude changes of this varying zone,  
 Thine eyes obscured by dull mortality.

## SONETTO LVIII.

QUANDO giunse a Simon l'alto concetto  
 Ch'a mio nome, gli pose in man lo stile  
 S'avesse dato all'opera gentile;  
 Con la figura voce ed intelletto;  
 Di sospir molti mi sgombrava il petto  
 Che cio, ch' altri han più caro, a me fan vile;  
 Però che'n vista ella si mostra umile,  
 Promettendomi pace nell'aspetto.  
 Ma poi ch'i vengo a ragionar con lei;  
 Benignamente affai par, che m'ascolte;  
 Se risponder sapesse a detti miei.  
 Pygmalion, quanto lodar ti dei  
 Dell'immagine tua, se mille volte  
 N'avesti quel, ch'i sol una vorrei!

## IMITATED.

WHEN, Simon, thou the lofty thought design'd,  
 And snatch'd the pencil by my song inspired,  
 Hadst thou, when first the lovely form was fired,  
 With figure, voice and intellect combin'd:  
 Of many a sigh couldst thou this breast beguile,  
 Of many a care, for which alone I die;  
 Since gentle softness melts within her eye,  
 And peace and pleasure flatter in her smile.  
 Then when my lips the peaceful silence break,  
 With look benign she seems to hear my tale;  
 And sure would answer, if she could but speak.  
 Thrice blest Pygmalion! to thy triumph hail!  
 Fast snatching from thy statue's yielding cheek  
 What I, alas, require but once, and fail!

n. 1.—Friar John Angelicus painted for Pope Nicholas V.; a man of singular purity of morals, and simplicity of character. He refused an Archbishopric, as thinking himself inadequate to the duties of that high station. Sacred subjects were always his delight; and when at work on the Crucifixion, was constantly in tears.

<sup>1</sup>.—To



1.—To the Crusades the Art stands indebted for pictures in Mosaic, which were brought from Greece to Venice by Apollonius, in the suite of the Crusaders. Painted glass was also introduced to England through the same channel, in the reign of King John.

2. The first coins were made by Croesus of Lydia, thence called Croesii, and recoin-ed by Darius, thence called Darics. Coins in England were always designed with a full face till Henry the VIIth, since that time in profile.—PRIESTLEY.

*armorial bearings*  
1.—~~Arms~~ were first introduced in Germany by Henry the Fowler, as a livery to distinguish the combatants at a tournament, their faces being covered with armour. Such as had been engaged in no tournament, had no right to use arms, till they were assumed by such as went to the Holy Land. The tomb of Clement the IVth, 1268, is the first on which is found arms, nor are they on coins till 1336: before this, we meet with figures on standards, medals, &c. but blazoning not till then. None but nobles had a right to arms, till Charles Vth ennobled his Parisians in 1371, when other citizens followed their example, and took arms. They were not regularly established in England till the reign of Henry IIIrd. Till then, the son bore different arms from the father, and private gentlemen bore them, deriving them from the feudal Lord, from whom they held them in fee.—PRIESTLEY.

2.—Henry III. was the greatest encourager of Arts in England, but because unmartial, deemed a weak Prince; he was followed by William of Wickham, Bishop of Winchester, famous for his charities, his edifices, his munificence, his love of the Arts—the designer of Windsor Castle, and endower of a College at Oxford, and of a Free-school at Winchester. He was possessed of a famous enamelled crozier, that introduced enamelling into England, which was much practised during the reigns of the two first Edwards.—PRIESTLEY.

*clear  
crozier!*

3.—The Alhambra, at Grenada, was once the residence of the Moorish Princes of that kingdom, about the year 800, and still exhibits vast remains of art and grandeur. The painted ceilings, though exposed to the air, are still fresh in their colours, though undefined in their drawings, the Mahomedans being forbid by the Alcoran to imitate any thing either in Heaven or Earth, whence their unmeaning fanciful shapes derive from themselves the name of Arabesques. This whole building is said to have been originally covered with large painted and glazed tiles: the walls, now incrust-ed with stucco, are still in high preservation; many of the decorations are, however, of a later date, and owe their existence to the taste of Abuhaghagh or Abouabdoulah, who was driven thence by the arms of Ferdinand and Isabella. They, as well as their  
successor

successor Charles Vth, were anxious to preserve this palace in its original beauty, and made several additions of Painting, &c. which only detract from the grandeur of the antient scene.—SWINBURNE.

°.—Crayons were first introduced in France for the Portraits of the Dukes of Berri and Burgundy about 1410, the art of fixing them was not discovered till 1748, by Leriot of Paris.

P.—Oils were first introduced into painting by John Van D'Eyck, or John of Bruges, and the first picture was presented to Alphonfus I. King of Naples, and immediately imitated by Antonello de Messina, and after him by Domenichus a Venetian, and André del Castagni a Florentine, who, jealous of his partner, resolved to assassinate him, which he did at night, when serenading his mistress. Domenichus, ignorant of the assassin, ordered himself to be carried to the house of the villain, who had returned home, put off his disguise, and received in his arms the last breath of his murdered companion. The whole was confessed by Andre on his death-bed. The first picture painted in oils was an *Ecce Homo*, in 1445. Some late discoveries have supposed the Art to have existed in England before that time, and to have been imitated from us by the Flemings. The general suffrage of Europe is, however, not disposed to admit our claim.

q.—Philip Lippi, the Carmelite, a Florentine, who one day, being at Ancona, got into a boat to survey the coast, and was taken and carried prisoner into Barbary. After eighteen months slavery, with a piece of charcoal he sketched on the wall the figure of his master, who was so delighted with the novelty of the Art, that he enfranchised him, and sent him to Naples. He was the first painter who aggrandized the proportions of Nature. His character was debauched; and he was poisoned by the relations of a woman he had dishonoured in 1438. About this time Verocchio discovered the art of taking off in wax the impression of the dead. Leonardi de Vinci was his disciple; who being ordered to paint an Angel in the back ground of a picture, so much surpassed the hand of the master, that Verocchio turned from the pallet in disgust, and took up sculpture. He made a perfect horse for the equestrian figure of Barthelomo de Bergamo, a valiant Captain; but some cabal of the Senate having ordered another to execute the figure, he dashed his horse in pieces, and fled from Venice, where his return was prohibited under pain of decapitation; but, on his sending word that he could mend again the horse he had destroyed, but that a head like his could never be restored, the answer pleased, and he was reinstated in favour and employment.—FELIBIEN.

r.—Savonarole,



<sup>r</sup>.—Savonarole, a monk of Florence, and a celebrated Preacher, who violently inveighed against the immoral tendency of naked figures, and caused all to be burnt that he could possibly command; such was his popularity, and the bigotry of his auditors, that the conflagration of pictures, statues, &c. was immense.

<sup>s</sup>.—Pope Alexander the VIth, and his mistress, Julia de Farnese, were painted by Pinterruccio, she as the Virgin, he in the act of adoration.

<sup>t</sup>. Constellations were invented by Cheron and Musaeus, for the Argonautic expedition, 25 years after the death of Solomon.—PRIESTLEY.

## N O T E S.

## CANTO III.

<sup>a</sup>.—**LEONARDO** <sup>a</sup>**DE VINCI** was gifted by Nature with a mind so elegant, and a genius so universal, as to be equally capable of tasting and improving every branch of the Arts. He was wont to declare, that the stains and cracks of an old wall furnished hints sufficient for Genius to build her noblest works of imagination. From such studies and from Nature, more than from Antiquity, his works were derived, which were remarkable for strong character, though deficient in colouring: their destruction at the taking of Milan, by Francis the I. is to be regretted; not as fine pictures, but as specimens of strong genius, unassisted by the improvements of later days. He expired in the arms of Francis the I. in France, in 1520.

<sup>b</sup>.—Michael Angelo claims equally our attention as a Sculptor and an Architect: the love of the former he imbibed at an early age from his nurse, whose husband exercised the Arts; and of the latter it is to be hoped, that the Cupola of St. Peter's at Rome will bear everlasting testimony. He died 1564, aged 89.

<sup>c</sup>.—Raphael, who was ambitious of being considered by the latest posterity as unrivalled in his Art, took infinite pains with his studies, and sent to ransack Greece for models of elegant forms of all descriptions, which having made his own, by frequently copying, he destroyed, to bar the same path to any future rival. From his friend Br-  
mante

mante he procured the key of the Pope's Chapel, to see what Michael Angelo was there doing, which, like a flash of lightning, awaked every latent power, and from thence his style received its highest pitch of improvement. His picture of the Transfiguration, which is esteemed his master-piece, was painted for France, but on his death detained at Rome, and placed in the church of St. Pietro in Montorio. He was to have married the niece of Cardinal Bibiena, who revived the decoration of theatrical representation by scenery, in a play performed before Leo the Xth; but his excessive debaucheries put a period to his existence at the early age of 37, in 1520. *This is a detestable lie*

d.—Francesco de Bologna, the friend of Raphael, died of envy at receiving the St. Cecilia of Raphael, consigned to his care for the church of Bologna.

a/ *Tommaso*  
e.—Mylso Finguerra, a goldsmith, who used to take off the impresson of his works in clay, in which he poured burning sulphur, and by rubbing the edges of the sulphur with black, and covering it with oiled paper, took off the first impresson in 1460, and and so gave the first idea of engraving, which was imitated, with great improvement, by Albert Durer, who sent some of his performances to Raphael. Mezzotinto was derived from a source equally accidental, from a centinel scraping the rust from his firelock, which suggested the first idea to the discerning eye of Prince Rupert.—  
WALPOLE.

f.—Julio Romano, the favourite disciple of Raphael, died in 1546.

g.—Giorgione and Titian were both disciples of Leonardo de Vinci. Could Kings and Emperors confer immortality, Titian might boast of receiving, at Venice, the visit of Henry the IIIrd of France, as well as the celebrated compliment of Charles the Vth, uttered, on taking up his pencil, "E degno Titiane essere servito de Cesare;" but his claim has a stronger foundation in genius. Michael Angelo pronounced the Danae of Titian, at Madrid, to be the finest picture ever painted: he is, however, censured for his inattention to the costume of his pictures, which are, for the brilliancy of their colouring, highly valued: they are but few in number. The merit of this great Painter is somewhat sullied by his envy of the rising merits of his disciple Tintoret. Among the inferior Painters of the Venetian school were the two Bellins, brothers, Jean and Gentil; of the latter it is recorded, that at the request of Mahomet the IIrd, whose liberality of sentiment wished, notwithstanding the laws of the Alcoran, to introduce the fine arts in Constantinople, he attended him to his capital, where he painted the decollation of St. John the Baptist: the Emperor finding the skin of the neck not sufficiently shrunk, sent for a slave, whom he immediately caused to be beheaded, to prove the truth of his criticism. The affrighted Bellin took the earliest opportunity of retreating from such a patron, and died in 1501.

h.—After



<sup>1</sup>.—After the sack of Rome by Bourbon, under the Emperor Charles the 5th, the Artists who had been there collected, fled to distant countries, nor ventured, for some time, to return to that scene of disorder; in the mean time, true taste fell to decay, and a wild fantastical style of drawing and colouring was substituted in its room, by Joseph Pin and Michael Angelo Caravaggio; the latter painted with violent and hard shadows, in opposition to which the soft pencil of Guido has established his fairer title to pre-eminence. He died in 1642, at 68 years of age.—Lanfranc was a Painter of great genius, and chiefly painted walls, &c. al fresco. The pictures of Alano are small, and few in number; they sell at a vast price: he was fortunate in marrying a great beauty, who brought him several handsome children, who served him as models for his pencil to imitate.

<sup>2</sup>.—Van Eyck was the patron and founder of the Flemish School. Oil Painting was invented by him at Bruges in 1410.

<sup>3</sup>.—Vanderwerf is noted for the delicacy and high finishing of his small pictures; they are very scarce, and of great value. At the late dissolution of monasteries in the Low Countries by the Emperor Joseph the 1<sup>st</sup>, twenty of those pictures were scattered over Europe for as many thousand pounds. Mr. Agar, of New Norfolk-street, had lately one in his very valuable collection; but whether or not one of the twenty, lately mentioned, I am unable to decide.—Bruyle was a Painter of Dances, Weddings, &c.

<sup>4</sup>.—Heemskirke, on account of his buffoonry, had been much patronized by Rochester. He died rich, and was buried somewhere in Holland, leaving an annual marriage portion for a maiden, upon condition that the villagers danced round his tomb. At the introduction of Lutheranism, when every Popish ornament was destroyed; of the Crosses that guarded the dead, his only was preserved.

<sup>5</sup>.—Rubens was the first imitator among the Flemings of the Lombard School, and formed the singular union of Politics and the Arts. A treaty between Spain and the United Provinces was negotiated by him. Business of the same nature brought him to England, where he was knighted, and formed a friendship with the famous Duke of Buckingham, to whom he sold all his Pictures, Medals, and Antiques. Louis the XIII<sup>th</sup> sent for him to Paris to paint the Luxembourg Gallery for his mother Mary de Medicis; which Paintings have, within these few years, been removed to the Palace of the Thuilleries.

<sup>6</sup>.—Sir Anthony Vandyke was the pupil of Rubens, and, like him, he collected an immense fortune, which he soon dissipated in researches for the Philosopher's Stone. Two

years since, at the time this Poem was written, the Ladies seemed universally to have adopted his style of dress; and though the full sleeves and the ringlets have now given way to a later edition of fashion, yet the grace they confer on the female form will not long exclude them from a re-admission to the toilet.

°.—Hans Holbein was sent by Erasmus to Sir Thomas More, under whose patronage he gained great reputation at the Court of Henry VIIIth, and had the singular honour of painting all the wives of that Monarch, excepting Catherine Parr. By order of Lord Cromwell he was sent to paint Anne of Cleves, whom he much wished to see the Consort of his Royal Master, and was ordered, by great flattery, to make the portrait of that Princess captivating, and superior to that of the Duchess Dowager of Milan, which he went to paint by command of the King, who had been smitten with the report of her beauty; the artifice of Cromwell succeeded, but to his own destruction, the disgust conceived by Henry to Anne of Cleves is well known, and the subsequent disgrace and decapitation of his favourite. Several of Holbein's sketches for portraits were lately discovered by Queen Caroline in an old bureau at Kensington. They are chiefly done in chalk, and are held in high estimation. There are fac similes of these drawings now publishing.

## N O T E S.

### CANTO IV.

°.—**PHILIP** the II<sup>d</sup>. of Spain, at the Battle of St. Quintin, in 1557, which happened on St. Lawrence's day, vowed to dedicate a Church and Convent to that Saint, if through his intercession with heaven he obtained the victory over the French. His arms were successful, and the Escorial (a Palace, Church; and Convent together) in the form of a gridiron, commemorates the zeal with which he performed his vow, and the unfortunate end of his Patron, who is said to have been broiled to death.

°.—The mode the Peruvians used of recording any memorable transactions, was by tying knots of different sorts and sizes, on different coloured strings, by them called **Quipos**, which rude kind of chronology ascertained the reigns of their Kings, their Conquerors,



Conquerors, &c. To this Dr. Robertson seems to think their skill in conveying ideas was bounded; nor extended, as some poetical writers have supposed, to the complete use of letters; the same unquestionable authority ascribes to the Mexicans a greater knowledge in the art of communicating facts by the eye alone, in their rude and ill drawn hieroglyphics; a very few examples of which are still preserved among the specimens of the ingenuity of that people, transmitted by Cortez to the Court of Madrid; but the far greater quantity remaining at Mexico, which even the savage fury of the conquerors had spared, was devoted to the flames by the ignorant zeal of Zummagra, the first Bishop of that unfortunate city, being by him esteemed as relics of idolatry.

c.—The Emperor Charles Vth, who envied his rival Francis I. the title of Protector of the Muses.

d.—Philip II, who frequently climbed a ladder that led to the apartments of Coello, where, when chagrined, he would sit in silence and see him paint. The second Coello was also an Artist of great merit: in him we lament that cruel irritability of nerves, which is a frequent accompaniment of Genius, and which occasioned his death through grief, at the introduction of Luca Jordano, in whom he apprehended a rival. Philip II. was a great friend to the Arts; and Titian was by him invited to decorate the Escorial: he accordingly came to Spain at the age of 68, where he has left several monuments of his genius, among which his Last Supper, and his Sleeping Venus, are regarded as miracles of art. When the messenger brought the account of the great fire in the Pardo, to Philip the IVth, he immediately asked if the Titian Venus had escaped, and being answered in the affirmative, "Then (said he) all other losses may be supported." This Prince, as may be inferred from the above exclamation, was an admirer of the Arts. At his Court Rubens copied many of Titian's Pictures, when there in the suite of our romantic Prince Charles, who chose to woo in person the Infanta, sister to the King.—CUMBERLAND.

e.—Jean Baré, commonly known by the name of Juanes, painted passages from Scripture in a style of his own. His works would rank with that of the first Artists if they lay in the track of travellers, or by a happy emancipation could be set at liberty from the dark churches and cloisters in which they are immured, and made to circulate through the rest of Europe. They are finished with astonishing taste, colouring, and beauty; yet this high finishing does not diminish the sublimity of the design; his picture of the Virgin was painted from a dream of Father Martin Alberto, who says she appeared to him, and ordered how her picture should be executed; the Father assisted the Painter with his prayers, and every stroke became sanctified. This indeed was the case with all the works of Juanes, for he prepared himself by penance, fasting, and prayer, to receive

the heavenly inspiration that was to operate on his canvas. As his subjects were all pious ones, they were eagerly received by the Clergy, who imitated the fashion of the Court in encouraging the Art, and pictures were even accepted in some Convents, as an atonement for sins.

<sup>1</sup>.—Ribero and Salvator were both noted for a melancholy turn of mind, which the first indulged in painting scenes of horror, and the latter in brooding in solitary recesses, far from the intrusion of mankind; hence his landscapes wear the appearance of the country he had been accustomed to frequent. A Lady of Amsterdam is said to have miscarried on seeing Ribero's picture of Sisyphus.

<sup>2</sup>.—Velasquez Diego de Silva was born at Seville in 1594, and was first patronised by Olivarez on his appearance at Court, where he painted the King on horseback, which pleased so much, as to lay the foundation of his future great fortune. After returning from Italy, he had apartments in the royal palace, of which the King had a key, where he made him frequent visits, and loaded him with presents. To the honour of Velasquez it should be told, that he was the only man whom gratitude attached to Olivarez in his disgrace; and the King had the generosity to admire that nobleness of spirit which ever devoted the Painter to the exiled Minister, though himself continuing to live the idol of a Court he adorned, till the age of 66, when his death was sincerely lamented by his Sovereign. So high was the idea entertained by Velasquez, of the dignity of his profession, that he would not allow it to undergo the ideal disgrace of being practised by Juan de Peresca, his Mulatto slave; but who, fired with genius, painted a picture privately, which he carried to the King, and entreated him to procure his pardon. The astonished Monarch generously became his intercessor with his master, and continued his attention to him and his daughter. —CUMBERLAND.

<sup>3</sup>.—Alonzo Cana, the Michael Angelo of Spain, was born, 1600, of noble parents, and was at once a Sculptor, Painter, and Architect. He was at the height of Court favour, and refused any money for his pictures. On returning home one day, he found his house robbed, his wife murdered, and his slave fled. The Court, however, condemned him as the criminal; he fled, but on his return was put to the torture, his right arm only being exempted, on pleading "*exellem in arte*." He was, however, again in favour with Philip—a proof how much the Arts prevailed over Justice. In his last agonies he turned from the Crucifix presented to him, because he said he could not bear so bungling a piece of workmanship. —CUMBERLAND.

<sup>4</sup>.—Cespedes and Morales, Artists of great eminence. The latter was termed *Il divino Moralis*: his works are chiefly painted on board or copper, and highly finished. —CUMBERLAND.

<sup>5</sup>.—Mengs



\*.—Mengs was born in 1728, and after going through various scenes of distress in England, Germany, and Italy, he found honour and emolument in the Court of the Catholic King, where he was as much caressed as Titian had been by Charles V. Coello by Philip II. or Velasquez by Philip IV. His original pursuit of miniature painting had cramped his style; his historical paintings are contracted, and excite no passions; in single portraits he sometimes succeeds better; a tolerable one of his wife, with whose beauty he had been captivated as she was driving a cart into Rome, is now in the possession of Sir John Dick, in Harley Street, and the personal charms there displayed, certainly do credit to the taste of the Artist.

*Ludovic du Guernier*

†.—Guernier had finely illuminated a Missal for the Duke of Guise, substituting the heads of his mistresses (which were among the greatest beauties of the Court of Catharine of Medicis), for those of the Saints and Angels there introduced.

‡.—See Alexander's Battles, painted by Le Brun, and his beautiful and affecting picture of the Duchesse de la Valière, which last has been copied by Petitot in a truly masterly style, and which ornamented a Snuff Box belonging to the Prince de Condé, but by the late astonishing Revolution in France has been transferred to the hands of Messrs. Rundel and Co. Jewellers, on Ludgate Hill.

§.—Claude <sup>Gellé</sup>Gillé, dit le Lorrain, is classed in no School by authors, who have arranged the exact place of every other Artist. His style may indeed be said to be his own, and as his subjects were entirely landscapes, and Nature alone his guide, he has been unbiassed by the models, and the Masters, that have given a different turn to the various Schools of Europe. As a boy he was noted for stupidity, would learn nothing at school, and was apprenticed to a pastrycook; it is not till we find him in Italy, the only servant of Augustus Taffie, that his genius bursts upon us; from that time he is indefatigable in his studies, spending whole days in the country, observing Nature, and painting from memory whatever he had seen. His understanding, though always heavy, was intense in application, and so anxious was he to leave the stamp of perfection on his works, that he has been eight days in altering a single part of a picture. Many of his richest productions have reached England, among which, the two landscapes of Mr. Methuen, at Corsham, near Bath, and the two of Lord Radnor, at his house near Salisbury, are eminently conspicuous. Mr. Agar has fortunately the power of boasting of having seven very fine pictures by Claude in his beautiful collection. He died 1678.

¶.—Edward Courtenay, the last Earl of Devonshire, and Marquis of Exeter, was imprisoned during his childhood, on account of his near connexion with the Crown (he being

being the great grandson of Edward IV). His great beauty and personal accomplishments recommended him to Queen Mary, who would have married him, had not a romantic attachment to her sister Elizabeth been a bar to his advancement. He was a second time imprisoned, ostensibly on account of Wyatt's rebellion, when the cultivation of the Arts made his confinement delightful: from this he was delivered by the magnanimity of Philip, whose indifference to his Queen made him careless of a rival. The Marquis took advantage of his liberty to travel, and died at Padua, which the credulity of the age ascribed to poison.—WALPOLE.

2.—Gibson, the Dwarf, married Ann Shepherd, each of them measuring three feet ten inches, by whom he had several children, all of them the natural size. He was page to Charles I. and excelled in miniature.—WALPOLE.

3.—Sir Peter Lely, or Lily, whose original name was Vander Vaas, changed it to that of the flower, which decorated the perfume shop where he received his birth. He came to England in 1641.

4.—Ann Killegrew was maid of honour to the second Duchess of York, and died of the small-pox at the age of 25. Her portrait is in high preservation at Wilton House. Several Italian ladies had before this distinguished themselves, and been admitted members of the Italian Academies of Arts and Sciences. Louisa and Sophia, the daughters of the Queen of Bohemia, had painted with great success; and Christina, Queen of Sweden, wished to patronize the Art in her capital, where she sent for Dahl to paint her own portrait; but little dependence could be placed on the protection of a woman, who, as Walpole observes, abandoned the opportunity of performing good and great actions, to run over Europe in a motley kind of masquerade.

5.—Sir Godfrey Kneller had the singular honour of painting ten Sovereigns, and the superior one of having been flattered by Prior, Dryden, Pope, Steele, and Addison—Hear this, ye cynics, and forgive his vanity! Many laughable instances of this weakness are, however, recorded by the elegant pen of the present Lord Orford (better known to the literary world by the ever respectable name of Mr. Walpole) who also mentions his Portraits of the Kit-Cat Club, which was thought to be an assemblage of wits, but, in fact, the portraits of those who at the Revolution saved the nation. At the request of Queen Mary II. Sir Godfrey selected the beauties of the Drawing-room, for the ornament of the palace at Hampton Court. The neglected Ladies frowned, and the taste of the Queen and of the Painter were called in question. Sir G. Kneller died 1723, aged 76.

